

With the First Nighters

JOHN DREW AND BILLIE BURKE,
in
"MY WIFE."

Principals.

Gerald Eversleigh John Drew
Hon. Gibson Gore Ferdinand Gottschalk
Capt. Putnam Fuxby Charles Wilson
M. Dupre Morton Selten
Baron Grancios Albert Roccardi
M. Potin Alex Brunn
Rene Falanders Frank Goldsmith
Beatrice Dupree Miss Billie Burke
Miriam Howthorne Miss Dorothy Tennant
Mrs. Denahm Lane Miss Ida Greely Smith
Baroness Grancios Miss Hope Latham

John Drew—clever, talented, polished, his acting the art that comes from the combination of years of work before the footlights, on critical, skeptical Broadway mostly, and the personal gifts of a naturally clever man!

Billie Burke—impulsive, lovable, pretty, charming every moment she is before you and the sweetest and most compelling little actress that has come this way for many a day!

What a pair they are.

What a delight to watch them work!

Drew seems only to become the more entertaining with advancing years and surely and unmistakably his passing seasons left their mark upon him. His best role has always been that of an up to date man-about-town, and it is in this character that he is at the Theater for the last half of the current week in the four-act comedy, "My Wife," with Billie Burke as his leading woman. A matinee this afternoon and tonight's performance will close the engagement.

So long has John Drew been before the playgoers of the country that a review of any one of his characterizations is almost superfluous. Debonair, natural in every moment and word, his finely featured face expressive to the last degree and wearing his evening clothes with the grace of one who has spent most of the nights of his life in them, he is matchless in the role of Gerald Eversleigh in "My Wife." Drew is and always has been a Broadway star. Yet his man-about-town is as much of Salt Lake as it is of New York. Broadway hasn't spoiled him and it never will. When he gets away from the big town and comes off across the continent he invariably brings with him a company of Broadway players and a play that goes with the vim, the snap and theatrical preciseness that is that always stamps a successful New York production.

Drew is an artist to his finger tips and the only thing to do is to see him.

"My Wife" needs little discussion. A girl is in love with a man her people object to. They insist she marry another. She must marry before a certain date to inherit a lot of money. She has a guardian. She prevails upon him to marry her for a few months time so that she can inherit the money, and then the plan is to get a divorce and marry the man she loves. The game is played as mapped out and the time rolls around when the divorce is to be secured and guardian-husband and wife, nee guardian and ward, part. The husband discovers he is head over heels in love with his wife, and the girl discovers she loves her guardian.

Simple story, and has been done three or four times before into comedies.

Drew is the guardian-husband, of course, and Billie Burke is the ward, later the wife.

As Mr. Drew plays Gerald Eversleigh to perfection, just as cleverly and consummately does Billie Burke play Trixie Dupree, the pretty ward.

It's a sorry job to write of Billie Burke. Even

New York hasn't known much of her until this season, as she has worked abroad mostly since going on the stage. She came over the first of the season, however, with Mr. Drew, and they opened in New York in "My Wife." A week and Billie Burke was the most popular little woman on Broadway, and the eastern reviewers ran out of superlatives saying nice things about her eyes, her smile, her tousled hair and pretty form. She is about the most captivating little lady stageland has to offer, and when you've said she is tantalizing pretty, beautifully gowned and her acting so natural one can't believe it is acting you've said all you can put in type. You'll have to see her if you want to know the rest, and believe me, the story isn't half told when you've said all the nice things you can think of about the young lady.

"I don't like to deal in superlatives with stage folks, but I don't believe in all the flowers coming at the funeral.

The play itself is beautifully presented, Dorothy Tennant of the original "College Widow" cast is with Mr. Drew and Miss Burke as Miriam affwhorne, and she is growing handsomer and a better actress every day of her life. It is useless to review the work of the remainder of the supporting company. There isn't a weak spot in the cast, and the play moves with delightful smoothness.

John Drew is a treat and Billie Burke is more so—the comedy they have is great, and altogether the combination of the whole is about the best theatrical offering in its class of the season here.

You ought to see Billie Burke's way of doing her hair if nothing else.

She is to be starred individually next season.

MURDERED!

It takes more than a lot of actors who ought to be doing stock or time or something else, accompanied by an actress or two about as impossible, to spoil "Mrs. Temple's Telegram."

The piece is as clever and funny a farce comedy as has been given theatre-goers in years, and the more you see it the funnier it gets. The comedy was the opening attraction of the week at the theater, and those who saw it enjoyed the piece, despite the painful acting.

Margaret Snow played Mrs. Temple, and comedy is not her line by any means, if her characterization in this play is an example of her ability. I hate to think of what Norval MacGregor did with "Jack Temple." The role is one that offers a splendid field for comedy work, and

MacGregor murdered the character. His acting was so grotesque it actually got funny before the evening was over.

Joseph Dalley as Wigson, the butler, and William Bernard as Frank Fuller, saved the play. Both were excellent.

"CHERIE" A WINNER.

If you haven't seen Clayton White and Marie Stuart in "Cherie" at the Orpheum by the time this reaches you—get busy.

Miss it and you'll miss as clever a sketch as two clever people ever offered.

It's great.

White is of the slang school and he's an artist at the business. Miss Stuart is pretty and cleverness personified. "Cherie" is a slangy concoction that is deliciously funny and a winner.

It leads the Orpheum bill, of course. The other acts average up pretty well with the exception of Loney Haskell. His act is over as and about as funny as a fire in a powder magazine. Armstrong and Verne have a fair little comedy jingle and Miss Kokin would prove entertaining in her impressions of English music halls if the violin players in the orchestra would forget they heard her the night before and ease up on their instruments long enough for some one else to hear her. Snyder and Buckley are good in a musical act and Galletti's monkeys close the bill. They pass.

The White-Stuart sketch is worth the money alone.

L. S. G.

LEW DOCKSTADER.

The Salt Lake theater will be dark as far as theatrical attractions are concerned until Friday night when Lew Dockstader comes back with his minstrels. Dockstader is always good. There is always a laugh in Lew himself and of late years especially he has surrounded himself with a clever lot of people.

He usually has an innovation or two in minstrelsy, several good voices, and he gets in town before the show opens long enough to work up a bunch of good local hits. He is to be here Friday and Saturday, and it is sure to be good.

Robert Mantell in a repertoire of Shakespearean plays will be the attraction for the following week, May 11th to May 16, at the Theater. Mr. Mantell is unquestionably one of the most eminent actors of the American stage at present presenting Shakespeare. For the past few seasons he has been so successful with his various Shakespearean productions that he is at present pre-

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